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Chapter 1: What if?

What if.

What if everything you knew was fake?

What if the family you loved, wasn't yours?

What if everything you believed in wasn't what you were supposed to believe?

What if your home wasn't your home?

What then?

Would you try to figure out things different from what you know?

Would you try the family you were supposed to love?

Would you try to believe the impossable?

Would you go to the home that was yours?

What if? Yes. That is the question you should ask. As Petalkit found out her life... was fake.

What if, your life was fake?

What if?

Chaptef 2: Forest?

Like I said clash of timelines.

Petalkit opened her soft green eyes and blinked slowly. She was in a box along with two other kits. One was a black tom and the other was a ginger color.

Petalkit lifted her head as she heard paws approaching and a tall she-cat with deep blue eyes poked her head in. She was also black.

Petalkit twisted her head around to examine her pelt. She was a light tan and white, almost like honey on snow, exept she had strange pattern on her fur with the honey-color markings.

She had a longtail and slender body with long legs.

'hmm its like I was built for running and climbing' she thought

She decided to ask her mother.

"Ma?"

"Hmmm" came her mothers silky voice.

"Why do I look different from you?"

There was a long pause then her mother purred "well you are a very unique kit and the cats of the sky decided you should look like that.

Hawks amber eyes shot open and he was a ginger fuzzball that landed at Moths paws.

"What sky cats?" he asked.

"The ones in the forest in clans."

"What forest?"Night said, twitching his ear

"The ones past the housefolk fences."

Petalkit gaped her mouth in awe.

"There are forest cats? Does that mean you not my mom?"

Moth looked startled then quickly said "no. Now no more stories! Go play outside! Brick and Bone want to play!"

With that she pushed all of them outside. Trash bins were tipped over and garbage littered the floor, it smelled aweful to Petalkit so she gaged and covered her nose.

The other kits just looked at her strangly.

"What?" said the chubby kit known as Brick.

"Don't you smell it?"Petalkit hissed.

"Smell what?" the young black and white kit known as Bone

"That aweful smell!" Petalkit spat

All the kits exchanged glances then started laughing at her. Laughing at her.

She flattened her ears to her head as the laughter died down. She studied her white paws as if they were the most interesting thing ever.

Then a slightly older kit approached with an evil grin twisting on his brown face.

"Can't you kits see! This kit is obviously not meant to be an ally cat! Just look at her freaky long legs and tail!" he teased.

A white she-kit joined him as well as a grey tom.

They all started to make fun of her akward appearence and strange name. The other kits were to buisy laughing at the jokes made of her to notice her distressed mood.

She felt tears sting her eyes then she remembered.

'the clans. They wouldn't treat me like this. Would they?' with that thoughtimprinted in her mind she turned torward the housefolk fences and dens and took off, running very fast with the advantage of her long legs and slender light-weight body.

She heard the other kits screeching for her to come back but something deep inside her bones told her she was going home.

She made it to the cleaner area the Housefolk lived in and saw a wooden fence. She jumped up onto it, surprised on how far she jumped.

She jumped down andwalked across the yard of green grass when and amazing scent filled her nose. She went to it and saw a green plant. She took off many leaves and ate them.

Satisfying her hinger with the delisious plant she picked up another scent. Another cat.

She sniffed around and found the scent was old as if the cat hadn't been there for seasons. (woop woop can ya guess who?)

She followed the scent to the fence and scrambled up it. She gasped in surprise. A large green forest layed on the other side of the fence.

She smiled as the scent reminded her of something but she couldn't quite get a good memory. But she gasped again as she remembered a dark tan she-cat aith beautiful green eyes that matched hers.

'm-my real m-mother?' she thought.

Filled with determination she jumped down and started to walk off into the forest. She slowed her pace and looked around. This place was so familiar yet so mysteriouse.

She heard alot of paws approaching, cats comfortable enough in there oan territory to make this much noise.

Panice singed the heart and she looked around for a place to hid. She was only 2 moons old! She still needed milk and safty! She couldn't take on a whole patrol of cats!

She scrambled up a small pine tree as the cats came into view. A dusty brown tom, a brown she-cat with a goldn brown tom, and lastly a ginger tom with emerald green eyes.

The young, about 6 moons old, golden-brown tom stopped to sniff around, his amber? eyes flashed aith alarm and he mewed "I smell a cat!"

The other cats stopped to sniff the air.

The ginger tom looked around but said "its faint must be a kit. Search for it and get it out of our territoy."

The other cats nodded and started searching. 'they'll never find me up here!' Petalkit thought.

Her ease turned to panic as the ginger tom followed her scent then looked in the tree curiously. He crouched then jumped on to the tree an climbed onto the branch Petalkit was on.

He looked down at her with hard green eyes. Petalkit screeched in fear and backed up. She backed up to much. Poor Petalkit slammed to the ground and let out a wail of pain and fear as her vision went fuzzy.

'am I dead?'

'no' said another voice in her head

'you are not dead. Starclan can now watch over you now that you are home. Well as close to home as you ever been.'

Thunderclan

Petalkit woke up in a soft nest that must have feathers in it. It was warm and she smelled the aroma of many plants. She rased her head and looked around. A grey she-cat with a twisted leg was sitting and sorting a bunch of leaves and berries.

Petalkit climbed out of the soft nest and landed on her chin and chest with her back end still in the nest and front legs spread apart. She landed wkth an ungraceful 'opf'.

The grey she-cat turned and stared quizzically at her.

"Oh hello little one! How are you feeling?" she purred softly

"Ok. My back hurts a little. Who are you?"Petalkit questioned.

"I'm Cinderpelt. The medicine cat of Thunderclan." she replied

"I'm Petalkit, of... well I don't know which clan. Moth said I was given by a sky cat!" Petalkit chirped.

"A sky cat?" she echoed

"Mhhmm"

"Well then you should rest now. You took quite tne fall out of that tree." she chimed

"Ok." Petalkit yawned and curled up, falling asleep.

...

Petalkit woke up to a cat yowling from somwhere for cats to gather. The dusk light shown in the den dimly and Petalkit realized she wasn't in the den she was in before. She looked up, feeling a furry body curled around her.

A grey tabby she-cat with green eyes that were starkng out of the

den as good as possible. There were other kits in the nest, a grey tom and a grey she-kit also a white tom.

Petalkit felt the end of the white kits tail tickling her nose and sneezed. The queen looked at her skeptically as if she didn't trust her.

The queen then looked sorry, "sorry for the unfriendly introduction." she appolagized.

"I'm Brindleface. I hearyou are Petalkit. Given to a rouge from a sky cat." she mewed softly.

Petalkit felt better a purred "nice to meet you!"

Just Playing

"Betchya can't catch me!" Petalkit squeaked to the other kits as they raced after her.

"Ha! I win!" Petalkit squealed as she crossed the finish line, jumping around in excitment.

"No fair you have long legs! How can we beat you if you are faster and have advantages!" Ashkit whined.

"Because she's a Windclan cat!" Fernkit teased.

"No I'm not!" Petalkit hissed.

"Yeah ya are." she pestered.

Petalkit bristled and bared her teeth at Fernkit. Fernkit looked mischevious then started squealing at the top of her lungs.

"Aaaaahhhhh! Brindleface! Brindleface! Help me! Petalkit is scaring me!"

Brindleface rushed from the nursery. She curled around Fernkit protectivly and started to scold Petalkit. Gaining the attention of a few warriors and the deputy, Fireheart.

"You should know better than to frighten a young kit! Whats the matter with you! You are no better then the rouge you ran away from!" she hissed.

Petalkit crouched, flatted her ears, and eyes squeezed her eyes shut. She noded in agreement.

"Your right. I'm no better then the rouge I ran away from." Petalkit sighed.

Petalkit turned away and stalked to the darkest part of the camp,

tail dragging through the dirt and ears flattened and whiskers drooped, pain showning in her eyes.

Petalkit layed down in the shadows and felt betrayal, sadness, and hate burn under her paws.

'Why does everyone hate me? Am I really that different?'

Petalkit heard the rustle of cats as they went back to their normal activities. Petalkit felt a warm pelt wrap around her and surpised, twisted her head around to see Bramblekit.

"Your not like a rouge. Well not to me. Your more like Bluestar in my opinion." he comforted.

Petalkit smiled and cuddle closer to him. The both of them lay there for a while, purring and sleeping.

(idk why I use Brambleclaws younger self so much just deal with it because I cant think of anyone else.)

Apprentice

Petalkit opened her eyes as she heard Bluestar calling the clan together. She walked over to the high rock and looked up at the leader. Bluestar caught Petalkit staring and flash her a kind smile. Now the whole clan was gathered.

"It is time for kits to become apprentices!" Bluestar began.

Petalkit perked up and licked a paw, running it over her head and ears.

"Petalkit you are now old enough to join Thunderclan as an apprentice. From this moment you will be known as Petalpaw! Your mentor will be Frostfur!" Bluestar mewed confidentially.

Petalpaw stared at the pretty white she-cat with sparkling blue eyes. Frostfur looked happy but Petalpaw could see under her cheerful smile was disappointment. Frostfur was just looking on the bright side of things.

They touched noses then receded back into the crowd as the other kits became apprentices and given mentors.

"ready?" Frostfur mewed softly after the clan finished cheering names.

Petalpaw noded, a bit confused. Frostfur led Petalpaw out of camp. they spent the rest of sunhigh exploring the territory and each border.

she also learned the hunters crouch. Petalpaw was so happy and even made Frostfur laugh a few times. when they got to camp Petalpaw was nearly asleep on her paws.

she crawled to the apprentices den and found a nest was already built for her, there was a faint trace of the apprentice who built it.

'Bramblepaw'

Petalpaw was too tired to care so she curled up and fell into a peaceful sleep.

No one said it was easy

Petalpaw crept along the forest floor occasionally pausing to sniff the air before continuing on. It was still night but the sky was lit indicating morning wasn't far off. She had snuck out of camp and was heading torward a place she never thought she would go ever again, the twoleg place.

She recognized the area and lept up a fence. She recognized the garden and continued on torwards her old home. She had a feeling of someone following and watching her but no one was there everytime she looked.

She walked into a familiar ally with the revolting stench she remembered. She gagged and placed a pale paw over her nose.

'this is torture to the nose!' she thought bitterly but her confidence dragged her on.

"Petalkit?" a familiar voice croaked.

Petalpaw tuned to see her "mother".

"I thought you left for good! Your back though so we should celebrate! Your brothers missed you!" she goated

"Umm actually I did leave for good. And my name is Petalpaw not Petalkit. I just came to thank for caring for me and keeping me safe. I have to go though, its almost dawn and my clan will be waking soon." Petalpaw dipped her head and turned to leave when a voice stopped her.

"So your leaving right after you just got here? How rude to your sick mother."

Petalpaw turned to see Hawk. His eye where different now, a dark amber almost orange. His teth where bared and looked sharp.

"I have to leave. I have a clan that needs me." Petalpaw growled,

raising herlip to reveal even sharper teeth that had a shine in the morning light.

Hawk unsheathed his claws and snarled. Petalpaw also unsheathed her claws which where sharper and longer from her climbing trees. Petalpaw heared a cat clear its throat and she turned to see the cat who followed her.

"Bramblepaw. What are youdoing here! Why did you follow me?!" Petalpaw guiltily growled.

"Well you shouldn't leave camp alone and you where beingmysterious, sneaking out before the sun rose." he mewed back with calm ember eyes.

The calm turned to panic and he yowled as a sharp pain erupted from Petalpaws head. She stumbled to the ground and felt tiredness prick at her paws as Bramblepaw locked in fight with Hawk. She felt teeth latch around her scruff and felt herself dragged out of the ally and into the more fancy twoleg dens.

She felt a rough tounge gentally cleaning her head wound and she opened her eyes to see Moth.

"I am not mad that you chose to live in the forest with the clans," she rasped "you belong there nd you are happy there, thats all that matters to me."

"J-just promise me t-that you believe in Starclan. Please." Petalpaw croaked.

"Oh yes. Starclan. Yes I do believe in them. Your mother told me all about it and Skyclan." Moth chimed

"M-my mother? S-skyclan?" Petalpaw whined

"Yes. You a Skyclan cat. They had to leave because of the twolegs expanding their territories."

"O-oh. Thank you M-moth." Petalpaw said then nuzzled her.

"Come on Petalpaw! We need to leave!" Bramblepaw said, bounding

away from the ally with many scratched.

"Ah ah ah! She cannot walk. She is too weak. You must carry her." Moth spat annoyed

With that Bramblepaw picked her up and carried her on to their territory panting as he collapsed next to her.

"Never. do. that. again." he puffed.

Petalpaw noded weakly as she let darkness envelope her and felt thewarmth of Bramblepaw's fur in the cold morning air.

De end of dis chapter. °¬°

Character List

Moth:

[image]

Night:

[image]

Hawk:

[image]

Petalpaw:

[image]

What.

It had been two sun rises sense Petalpaw and Bramblepaw's *little* adventure out of the territories. They were stuck cleaning the elders den for a day to say the least.
Petalpaw was currently leaping tree to tree, this was her final assesment and if all went well she would become a full warrior.
She heared the chirping of a bird and quickly found a flock of birds.
Grinning she used her speed to silently and quickly pick each bird off and kill it without alerting the other birds.
She thanked Starclan for the lives of the birds. She burried all the birds then traveled off towards Riverclans borer.
As she walked along it in search of prey she heared snickering and turned her attention to two Riverclan cats.
"Of look what the forest spat out." sneered one of them
"Bet she couldn't match, or beat our skills, not even with help." snickered the other.
She growled, unsheathing her claws as she continued to walk, trying to ignore them.
They walked along their shore and continued insulting her and how she had no skills.
Finally they pulled her last nerve by kicking pebbles at her.
"ALL RIGHT THATS IT!" she screeched as a pebble smashed into her nose, allowing blood to seep out.
She launched her self at them, they retreated to the river swimming across to the other side, laughing and sneering at her.
Then, with out hesitation, she plunged into the river and forced her way through the water towards them. They gave terrified expressions before running off into their territory shrieking in fright.
She sneered before returning to her territory, shaking out her fur and continuing her assesment.
...
Once Petalpaw had finished she placed all her prey on the fresh kill pile. Alot of cats looked pleased at her catch as Frostfur approached her.
"Petalpaw. Don't think I didn't see you and those Riverclan cats."

She mewed in a hushed tone.
"I couldn't help myself! Those fish faces were asking for it!"
Petalpaw hissed quietly.
"I understand. But next time, just travel further into the territory."
"And let them call me a coward? I don think so!"
Frostfur purred in amusement before trotting off.
Petalpaw sat, wrapping her tail around her paws neatly. She watched as the clan went about its business as normal. Her eyes met the pelt of one cat in particular.
The dark tabby fur that could only belong to one cat. Brambleclaw. He was named a warrior a sunrise ago. You watched as he stretched in the sunlight.
I don't get it. How can he not be bothered at all what other cats think about him? Does it affect him but he just doesn't like to show it? Is he trying to prove himself? How would he even manage to pull that off. Not like they would ever give me any chance. I'm just a weak, cowardly-
"Petalpaw!" yowled Longtail.
Petalpaw growled as she snapped her attention to the mouse-brained-warrior.
"What." she snarled coldly.
"Don't give that kind of attitude! As I remember, your still an apprentice."
"So what! That doesn't make me **you**r apprentice!"
Longtail snorted.
"What ever I'll just get someone else kitty-pet." he muttered.
Hurt singed her heart at those words as she was sure pain was evident in her expretion.
"I'm not a kitty-pet."
Longtail froze in his tracks.
"Then what are you. Cause your not a Thunderclan cat."
"I..... I can't tell you. Not like you would know what they are."
She felt uncomfortable suddenly and like she was surrounded by strangers.
I need to get out of here!
She stood, fur brushed up and standing on end as she raced out of the camp and towards... Well... She didn't really know where.
She felt each heart string breaking in her chest as she ran from the only thing she had close to her original home.
She collapsed in a clear area wit t few bushes and trees. She heaved and panted as tears pricked her eyes hurtfully.

Why couldn't my parents just take me with them?

Sorry its so short but hey at least I actually wrote something right? No? Ok.* Sits in defeat*

I have a dream I hope will come true

A/n: sorry about long title and wait. I promise to make up for it in this chapter!~

Petalpaw made her way back to camp at sunset, letting her tail drag through the dust. Once she made it into camp she felt excitement of other cats buzzing around.

Petalpaw thought about something someone told her along time ago as she watched Firestar looking around the camp.

You remind me of Bluestar~

You sighed not believing that as you looked up at the few stars that were appearing in the sky.

"So Petalpaw." someone said

She looked to see Fernpaw she hummed and sat down.

"A little birdy told me You and Brambleclaw are getting along extremly well"

"HUH!" you said.

'BIRDY MY BUTT!' she thought and in one part of her mind she saw Ashpaw saying "it was me!"

"N-no! There's nothing going on! Anyways he's a warrior I'm an apprentice!" Petalpaw said quickly, embarrassed that Fernpaw thought anything more.

Fernpaw giggled, "well that's about to change."

As soon as she said that Firestar yowled for a clan meeting. Everyone came and sat down, you sat in the back of the crowd,

Brambleclaw taking a seat next to you.

She was called forward and then yea.

"Petalpaw, from this day forward you will be known as Petaldust. We honor your speed and determination."

When that was over everyone celebrated and for the first time she was praised and the center of attention.

After celebrating everyone went to sleep and you sat proudly at the entrance, keeping guard. She saw stars glimmer in front of her and a ghostly cat appeared.

Her unnatural green eyes shone with pride and her tan fur sparkled with star dust.

"Petaldust. I haven't seen you sense you were a kit."

She was shocked but remained silent as to not break the traditional sacred ceremony.

"Oh come now Petaldus. Starclan will allow you to speak sense I am your mother after all."

Petaldust blinked in shock.

"Mother?" she whispered and the cat nodded.

She leaped forward and gave her a nuzzle of affection.

"Well. I have to go. The sun is coming up. Goodbye Petaldust" she cooed and vanished back to the stars.

She tipped her head in farewell. The warm rays of the sun started to light up the clearing and Petaldust was fighting for consciousness. She felt a light nudge on her shoulder and turned her attention to the deputy.

He told her to get some rest and she happily obliged. She stumbled to the warriors den as best she could, her paws swaying from side to side as she stepped.

She felt someone lean her on their shoulder and lead her into the den and to an empty nest. As soon as she laid down she fell asleep, not even moving around to make it more comfortable.

She felt a tounge rasp her ear gently before paws left the den.

.

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It had been 5 moons sense Petaldust became a warrior and she went to gatherings and even fought in a few battles. She was currently sitting in the clearing, her freshly groomed honey fur gleaming in the sun.

She just finished hunting and of course had caught a remarkable amount, especially sense Leafbare was only a few days away. She was visited by her mother in her dreams a few times and enjoyed it.

Her life was considerably better than it was before. She stood and walked out of camp. She bounded gracefully over fallen trees and thorn bushes as she went to visit the river.

Once she made it there she sat on one of the sunning rocks and watched silver bodies of fish as they swam by. Petaldust felt a pelt brush hers then settle down next to her.

She stretched then relaxed against the strong tabby cat. The two, Brambleclaw and Petaldust, had become mates during, those 5 moons.

-le time skip because what I was gonna write is boring-

A moon later Petaldust lay in the nursery, watching the snow outside fall. Brambleclaw had yet to make his daily visit but he still slipped in despite the storm outside.

He shook the snow from his pelt and sat next to Petaldust, giving a friendly lick of greeting to her. Petaldust curled tightly around the kits at her side, protecting them from the cold.

There was a golden tabby with bright green eyes, a black and white she- kit with dark ember eyes, and lastly a peachy colored tom with dark brown stripes on his tail, ears and paws, with shimmering blue

eyes.

You loved your family and were happy they could grow up in the life of a free cat. Knowing they wouldn't have to question their true family as she did.

What if, your life was never questioned or a mystery to others~
You are the author of your own life's story. So make it a good one~